


812
G412h



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HUMANITY.

CHARACTERS.

Robert DeGraaf—A young doctor, newly married to a rich mine owner's daughter.

(*Dora*) *Mrs. Robert DeGraaf*—The wife, whose heart is not turned by riches.

SCENE.

Library of the DeGraaf mansion. Place—Coalville. Time—Afternoon.

Scene—Library. Piano at R., Couch at L., Tables at C., chairs, etc. Bay window back C., door close by; doors also at R. and L. Rugs, palms, etc., to set stage prettily.

Incident—The miners are striking and Mrs. Robert's sympathies go out to them. Her husband condemns her actions, but gradually sees them in a new light.

Genres. 15 Nov 14 Franklin

[*Enter Dora, sobbing and wringing her hands; comes hurriedly from door near window down stage*] [*fully dressed, hat, etc.*]

DORA. The strike is on, yet; and those poor miners are positively starving. *Starving!* Big Jack Davis, who used to carry me on his shoulders when I was a little girl and show me all the wonders of the mines! And burly Bill Atkins, and stern Lew Bailey, who used to play tag with me through the dim corridors a few years ago; in fact, all the men were my playmates then, and now—now [*sobs*] they're *starving*, poor, good-hearted fellows! [*pauses dramatically.*] *It shall not be!* I am rich—the strike is against the syndicate of which my father is a member! I am married to one I love, but I cannot suppress and *will not try* to suppress the teachings of my heart. I'll buy food for them and spend all the money I am allowed at the Bank to help them. The men who loved me as a child will see that I have not forgotten them—and left them and their families to starve! *No! No!* I'll cast aside my society teachings—I'll be to them the same true child I always was—[*loudly*] I'll fight the syndicate! [*poses*] [*goes quickly to door near window*] [*pauses, slowly*] Robert will not like it, by *my heart* goes out to the suffering miners, and *I go* with it! [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Robert door at L, in smoking jacket, smoking cigar, walks leisurely to chair, stretches, sits.*]

ROBERT... Gentleman is a tiresome part to play, after all; sometimes I feel as though I'd like to be the poor doctor again, worrying about a practice [*puffs*]. My life runs like a romance, anyhow. Came to this mining town eight months ago to drum up a practice, with about thirty cents capital, I think. Came of good family and all that, but I had no money, and so was simply an ordinary doctor waiting for folks to get sick. Now for the romance. I was here only two months, when

who should fall ill but David Brown, the wealthiest man here, and luck was with me, for I got the case and brought him around as well as ever. His nerves were pretty well shattered, but I tightened them taut, and he said I was the only physician he'd met who thoroughly knew his business. That made a big reputation for me, and I was so busy that sometimes I honestly wished I had never seen "old Brown" [*puffs*]. Then I fell in love with "old Brown's" daughter, not purposely, because of his millions, but because she was the truest maiden I ever met [*puffs*]. She fell in love, too, and we've been married going on two months. Brown didn't like the notion of a new son-in-law at first; but finally consented [*puffs*]. I wonder where Dora *is*? She's usually singing about the house. "Old Brown," that is, *papa* Brown, used to say she was the "angel of his mine," and that all the miners were in love with her. I don't blame them, and now she has forgotten her wild-flower ways and would shame half of the society-buds for culture. There's a *strike* at the mine, but that don't worry me. Let them fight it out among themselves. [*door near window opens, and a little, tattered, grimy child enters; Robert turns at sound*]. Well, a *visitor*. Come here, my boy, and let me see you. You're a bright boy, but you forgot to *wash*, didn't you?

BOY [*bashfully*]. I didn't have time.

ROBERT [*laughs*]. Ho! Ho! Didn't have time, and why not?

BOY. I'm a striker.

ROBERT. A *striker*, that's serious work [*smiles*]. But, tell me, if you're a striker, why do you come to the home of the coal king's daughter? Now, I have you [*smiles*].

BOY. *She* sent me.

ROBERT. *She* sent you, who is *she*?

BOY. The coal king's daughter.

ROBERT [*hotly*]. What? My wife?

BOY. Yes, the one pa calls *Dora*.

ROBERT [*whistles*]. Your pa calls her *Dora*, eh?

BOY. Yes, all the miners do.

ROBERT [*walks excitedly up and down*]. Miners call her *Dora*! Rather familiar with my *Dora*. [*To boy*] See here, my little man, you're only fooling, are you not?

BOY. Nope, she said she'd be right home after she called on Jack Davis. He's sick.

ROBERT. My wife calling on *Jack Davis*? [*paces*].

[*Enter Dora at C, flushed.*]

DORA. Taking care of my protege, Robert, that's thoughtful of you. [*Cutely, to boy*] Come, my boy, and I'll wash you, comb your hair and fix you up pretty [*takes him by hand*].

ROBERT. Are you not forgetting, *Dora*?

DORA. Forgetting what? Nothing I know of [*looks around*]. Come along, my boy, and I'll attend to you. Excuse me, Robert, for a short time [*laughs and exits R.*]

[*Robert looks after her dumbfounded.*]

ROBERT. What can this mean? My wife among the miners or associating with them. I'll not believe—[*pauses*] I'll get my hat and coat and find out, and if she has! [*softly*] Well, I shan't forgive her! [*Exits L, hurriedly.*]

[*Enter Dora at R, with boy, cleaned.*]

DORA. Now, you must feel better, don't you? I forgot your basket. [*Exits R for a moment, returning with basket.*] Now, see if you can carry it? [*boy tries, but cannot*]. You cannot, that is plain, so I'll go as far as your cottage with you. [*Arranges her hat, etc.*] Come along with me—

[*Enter Robert at L, dressed.*]

ROBERT. Why, *Dora*, where are you going?

DORA. I'm going to take the boy home, and bring his parents something to eat.

ROBERT. You shouldn't mingle with those miners!

DORA. They are *old friends* of mine.

ROBERT. That makes no difference. You shouldn't lower yourself thus far!

DORA. They are *starving*!

ROBERT. Well, that's too bad, but it's their obstinacy.

DORA. They're obstinate, because they're fighting for a chance to live—a crust to eat.

ROBERT [*cuttingly*]. You are *quite* melo-dramatic.

DORA. I am *quite* sincere.

ROBERT. You forget you are *my wife*!

DORA. You forget your wife has a heart [*laughs*] Ha! Ha! Come along, my little man! [*Exit door, near window.*] [*Robert walks as though to follow her, then pauses.*]

ROBERT. I should be ashamed of myself. Not offer to carry the basket for her. Stupid fellow, I am; it would have been better than grow angry about it. She has a heart of gold, and this is merely one of her charitable notions. I said a few cutting words and I am sorry already for them. However, I'll pretend I'm as angry as ever and teach her a lesson [*goes to door, looks out*]. Some miner has relieved her of the basket. She is coming up the lane—will be here in a minute. I'll prepare the tableau [*hastily puts coat and hat away, lights a cigar, lounges back in chair, placing his feet on table*] [*aside*]. This position ought to startle her. I hear her outside the door.

[*Dora opens door part way, peeps in, looks horrified, listens.*]

ROBERT. There were no times like the old times, after all. What *sport* we used to have. Such jolly old rackets. And women—women—such glorious ones. You can't find their equal nowadays. *Drink wine, get jolly tight, smoke cigarettes.* Ha! Ha! Ha! Give me the woman that will smoke a cigarette, drink a little wine occasionally and be one of the boys. She's the girl for me! [*Door slams,*

Robert winks.] [*Aside.*] She was listening, and that last fib of mine was a corker, or rather an uncorker. Ha! Ha! Ha! [*rises*]. Guess I'll take a stroll in the garden for a minute or two, and then come back and see what happens. This is my first experience in a matrimonial tangle, and *I must win!* [*Exit door near window.*]

[*Enter Dora at R, appears down-hearted, has a bottle of wine and two glasses in hand, also pack of cigarettes.*] [*Goes to window, looks out.*]

DORA. Robert's in the garden. Thinking of his *gay* women. He's coming this way—now, I'll show him how “*gay*” I can be! [*Sighs.*] It will be a hard task for me, but I'll do it [*pours out a glass of wine, sips it, makes face, walks down stage*].

[*Enter Robert, sees Dora drinking, looks aghast.*]

ROBERT [*sadly*]. Dora!

DORA. Why, hello, *old man*, won't you join me?

ROBERT. What?

DORA. *Have a smile*, old sport, it won't hurt you. Come on, *get in the game!* That's the boy.

ROBERT. Dora, I am surprised!

DORA [*gayly*]. *Surprised?* Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Life is full of surprises! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

ROBERT. Dora, are you *mad*?

DORA. *Mad?* Ha! Ha! Ha! Mad, I guess *nit*. Just feeling jolly, that's all! Have a cigarette! [*hands box.*] No? Oh, come, *be sociable*. You ain't the same *old chap*, at all!

ROBERT [*sadly*]. My idol is shattered.

DORA. Well, wouldn't that *start you up the track?* His idol shattered. Ha! Ha! Ha! Say, where are you *smoking* now?

ROBERT [*pleadingly*]. Dora. [*Lots of business all through this scene.*]

DORA. Come, come, now, *don't get mushy!* Dora, Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Say, have a drink and you'll *wake up*. Come on, *join me*, don't be bash-

ful, you sweet rascal—hic—you—hic—you talk like a man with a paper leg.

ROBERT. I leave you, Madame [*hastily grabs his hat and rushes off at L.*]

[*Dora makes sure he has gone, trembles.*]

DORA. That's the kind of a woman you admire. May heaven forgive me! [*clutches table, reels, falls into chair, head sinks on table and she weeps hysterically.*]

DORA. He's gone! Gone!! Gone!!! [*weeps*].

[*Enter Robert stealthily at L, hat on, and grip in hand, starts back when he hears her weeping.*]

DORA. Oh, why did I play such a cruel hoax? [*weeps*].

[*Robert knits his brow.*]

DORA. I am so sorry! [*weeps*].

[*Robert drops grip and walks quietly to directly behind her.*]

ROBERT [*places hand caressingly on her shoulder*]. Dora, you were cruel indeed to me, but I forgive you!

DORA. I am happy again, Robert, to hear your voice.

ROBERT. I forgive everything, Dora! [*places both hands on her.*]

DORA [*rising dramatically*]. Unhand me, sir! Do not touch me again. [*quickly*] I by chance heard you gleefully singing the praises of the kind of women you loved best. I merely impersonated a character to please you, but it seems I shocked you, instead. I leave you to seek the style you admire. Though it pains me to say it, I bid you Farewell—[*moves quickly to door at R*] forever! [*Exits door at R.*]

ROBERT [*falls back in chair, dumbfounded*]. My goodness, how is this all going to end? A moment ago I was fully determined to become a hermit, and now she is going to leave me forever. [*Sighs.*] This must be the stormy chapter in my romance. I hope it isn't the finish. [*thinks*] We've been

married two months and everything was cheerful, bright and happy until to-day. [*pauses*] How did this cyclone of trouble begin, anyhow? Something concerning the miners—Oh, yes, that confounded innocent boy came in and told me about her assisting the striking miners, and calling on Jack Davis and—and—well, I suppose I got jealous and said a few mean things, that I would not say ordinarily. Then came my *joke* about the gay girl I knew; then her illustration of a gay girl; that was *comedy*, but now it has ended in a *tragedy*. If that confounded boy—

[*Enter boy, door near window, comes down stage.*]

ROBERT. Well, sir, what *news* this time, you little *mischief-maker*—[*business*].

BOY. Please, sir, I'm a *committee of one* appointed to tell Mrs. DeGraaf the strike is ended.

ROBERT. The strike ended? Who won?

BOY. The men, of course. Here's a note for her.

ROBERT. A note?

BOY. Yes, the men didn't think you might like them coming to the house, so they sent me with the news and a note.

ROBERT [*aside*]. I've an idea to communicate with Dora once more. Let me have the note, my boy. [*takes note, write on it, saying aloud*] My Dearest Dora: The words you heard me utter were only fibs to chide you about your interest in the affairs of the strikers. Forgive me. Robert [*turns to boy, hands him note*]. Now, my little fellow, you separated us, now see if you are able to bring us together again. [*warningly*] If you fail—I'll—I'll—I'll sue you. [*business*] Take this note to the coal king's daughter, tell her it is from the strikers and—and—another *lonely* striker. You will find her in some of the rooms leading from that door. [*points to R*] Hurry up, and if you do not find her and arrange matters, remember—remember—I'll sue you!

[*Exit boy hurriedly door at R.*]

ROBERT. Now my heart feels lighter. [*frowns*] If I ever try to pose as a fellow with a *scarlet past* again I do not deserve to be forgiven. [*looks R*] what a clever actress she is, I never thought 'twas in her. When I toy with a *quiet, easy-going* woman again, my name will be Doctor Fool! [*business*] I hear a footstep. [*business*].

[*Enter Dora, door R, coquettishly.*]

ROBERT [*opens arms towards her*]. Dora!

DORA [*comes forward, falls in his arms*]. Robert!

[*Both embrace.*]

DORA [*cutely*]. You *bad* boy!

ROBERT. You *clever* actress!

[*Both laugh heartily.*]

ROBERT. Am I forgiven?

DORA. Let me read a note first. [*reads note aloud*] To our best friend, Mrs. DeGraaf: Through your kindness and the money you advanced, we have been able to bluff the managers into believing we could hold out a month longer if necessary. They acceded to our demands, thanks to you alone. We return your check herewith; and each and every miner will to-night offer a prayer to the God who watches over rich and poor, and ask Him to shower blessings forever on you, who believe in "humanity." Signed, *Your staunch friends, every miner in Coalville.* [*pauses*] Now, I must ask forgiveness!

ROBERT. *Forgiveness?* You, a little woman, to do all this? I can scarce believe it. *Forgiveness?* You want a crown I—

DORA [*interrupting*]. I forgot the boy. [*goes to door R*] Come, little messenger of Cupid, you have done [*enter boy*] one mission well, now, go back and tell the miners I am happy they won the fight, and send best wishes—

ROBERT. And tell them they started *my* strike, but it is ended and I send best wishes also. [*boy*]

exits.] Now, Dora, we are alone, tell me candidly what prompted you to do so much?

DORA. The voices of the suffering touched my heart! The cries of the poverty-stricken found echo in my soul! I wept for the half-paid mortals who toil for the mighty, the slaves of wealth! It seemed 'twas my duty to assist them, and the voice of an angel seemed to whisper pleadingly, HUMANITY!

Curtain.

A Lunatic Pro Tem.

Original Sketch for Male & Female

By Chris Lane

CAST

DAISY DOLLY DIMPLE, a would be actress.

BENNETT BULLER BOOTHBY, a dramatic star.

Scene. Interior of parlor, nicely furnished with several looking-glasses, so that it might be taken for a barber's shop.

Costumes. Modern.

Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes

"A Lunatic Pro Tem." is one of those sketches that plays itself. The situations are funny and create all kinds of laughter, even if the lines are not acted just exactly right. This sketch is a great favorite with professionals because it's a hit, and a favorite with amateurs for the same reason and because it's so easy to do. Sent to any address on receipt of **Price, 25c.**

The Butt-In of Buttonbenders

An Irish Eccentricity in One Act

By Harry L. Newton

CAST

MRS. BEN WED, in search of a husband.

MICHAEL BUTTONBENDERS, in search of a job.

Costumes. Appropriate Irish for male; *ad lib.* for lady.

Scene. Parlor. Table, chairs, sofa, etc. This sketch is full of laughs from start to finish and never fails to make a big hit on any kind of a program.

Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes

"The Butt-In of Buttonbenders" sketch sent postpaid to any address on receipt of **Price, 25c.**

"A Country Visitor"

Laughable One-Act Farce

By Chris Lane

CAST

LUKE, a wise guy.

JASPER, also wise but otherwise.

FARMER JENKINS, dealer in wood.

Scene. Public room of buffet, center door. Fancy table and two chairs *R.* Props include a black rawhide whip, horse-pistol, table and two chairs, decanter with contents for drinking purposes, and two glasses.

Costumes. For Luke and Jasper, dress of the average city "sporty" youth; for farmer, ordinary "rube" make-up.

Time of act, 15 to 20 minutes

"A Country Visitor" farce, complete, sent post-paid to any address on receipt of **Price, 25c.**

Harmless Flirtation

A One-Act Comedy

By Jeffrey T. Branen

CAST

JESSIE DAVENPORT, daughter of a well-to-do business man.

SELLUM SURE, an up-to-date agent.

COUNT VON RENNELÆR, German count { Double
CHARLIE HOPKINS, in love with Jessie }

Scene. Dining-room in modern flat; dining-table right of center and opposite second entrance; screen, back stage; sideboard against back drop; on sideboard have large glass bowl, with gold-fish; also pieces of carrots made to represent gold-fish.

Costumes. Modern.

Time of act, 10 to 15 minutes

"A Harmless Flirtation" sketch, complete, postpaid, to any address on receipt of **Price, 25c.**



Vaudeville Prompter No. 4

This No. 4 is the first number entirely our own "get-up" throughout, and we do not hesitate to say it is the greatest value for the price (50 cents) ever offered to the professional and amateurs of the American stage. Herewith is printed merely the headings of sections into which this volume is divided, but hope same will give you some idea of what you get in No. 4. Following is a list of contents:

Editorials, Etc. Three Shows a Day, Talent vs. Notoriety, Be a Spelback to the Woods, The Performer's Dilemma, Don't Be a Thief, are articles by experts, either one of which is worth more than the price of the entire Prompter.

Parodies on Popular Songs

Nancy Brown, two on Only a Soldier Boy, two on In the Good Old Days, four on Under the Bamboo Tree, Paint Me a Picture of Mamma, I'll Wed You in the Golden Days, They were all Doing the Same, I'm a Jonah-Man, Dear Old London, I'll be With You When the Blossoms Again, Josephine, My Joe, Sits Among the Cabbages and Peas, When the Boys Go Marching By, Then I'm Backed With Life, Misadventure, The Banquet in Misery Hall, The Spirit of '76, Under the Bamboo Tree, etc.

Gags, Jokes, Anecdotes and Comic Poetry

Comic bits that will fit in anywhere, and every joke is a real laugh. Also a few sparkling repartees, giving word for word all the funny jokes of that famous all-star combination. Dozens of comic epigrams, such as: "We have laid him here with sad regrets, the victim of too many Cascarets." The famous Cray song, by Harry L. Newton (to the tune of Dixie), starting: "Way down South in the land of cotton, where the cotton is white and I wrote is rotten—I did, I didn't." Every bit of this material is first-class and up-to-date.

A Professional Recitations

Trilby, by Herbert B. Taylor; The Man Who Beats a Horse, by Geo. J. Southwick; The Old Showman's Story, by Geo. J. Southwick; God Bless That Old Thief There, by Geo. J. Southwick; and the ever-famous and popular Hullo! by Geo. J. Southwick. "When you see a man in wo, walk right up and say, Hullo!" There is nothing that goes better on the stage than a good recitation well given. If you are not capable of reciting, take a few lessons. We assure that you learn these and to them the first opportunity you have. There is no telling when you may be called upon to do something in the way of entertainment, and we assure you if you have one of these recitations down that you will positively make an instantaneous hit. It has been tried often, and never failed in a single instance. Any one of these recitations is worth more to you than the price of this complete number.

Monologues, Cross-Fire Conversation, Get-Backs

Under this heading we offer the finest lot of stage monologues ever published. One by Harry L. Newton and one by Chris Lane, complete, with all the talk from start to finish, leave the stage for the finish. David Fire Conversation Act, for two males, arranged by Chris Lane. The Drama Museum Lecturer, by Harry L. Newton, is one of the best monologues. The idea is to imitate a lecturer in a dime museum. Use nasal tone of voice with exaggerated drawl. In team work, one of the men tells his words with dry cracklers and, when isolated, blows the crackler with the same breath that he ejaculates "Popcorn!" Cross-Gagging Song, for two males, by Chris Lane. It is a laugh from start to finish.

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Sketches, Acts, Plays, Turns, Etc.

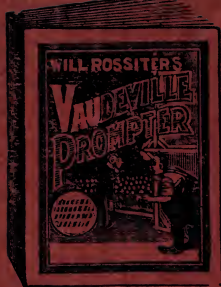
All these have been written for the Vaudeville Prompter, and were you to buy them direct from the authors for a fair exclusive use, they would cost you from \$2 to \$500 each, according to the reputation of the authors. A FAVORITE PAIR, for male and female, by Chris Lane. Cast: Bennett Buller Boothby, comedian; Dora DeGraaf, comedienne. Time, 10 to 15 min. HUMANITY, dramatic sketch for male and female, by G. H. Giespie & G. H. Giespie. Cast: Robert DeGraaf, a young doctor newly married to a rich mine-owner's daughter; Dora DeGraaf, the wife whose heart is not turned by riches. Time, 10 to 20 min. A COUNTRY VISITOR, one-act farce, by Chris Lane. Cast: Lane a village boy; Jasper, also wise, but otherwise; Farmer Jenkins, sealer in wood. Time, 10 to 15 min. RICHARD SMITH AND MARY, sketch for two Irish comedians, by Harry L. Newton. Cast: Grin, a mich; Richard, an Irishman. Time, 10 to 15 min. THE SPOON-BAIT MAN, a two-character comedy sketch, by Harry L. Newton. Cast: Isaac Greenbaum, a second-hand clothing dealer; William Spiven, a farmer. Time, 10 to 20 min. HILARIA'S FEAR, a comedy sketch, by Harry L. Newton. Cast: Gertrude Goodkind, leading lady, with stage amateur; Fred Schuchman, vaudeville comedian, by William Lincoln Balch. Cast: Alice Maynard, with a mind on this world; Fred Schuchman, with a mind on another world; Theopha Star, his sister, with a mind on the stage; Guy Darryl, with a mind on Alice; Alphonse, a waiter, with a mind on sport; Jarvey, a night-hawk, with a mind on business. Time, 10 min. A FINE OLD-FASHIONED SKETCH, monodrama for vaudeville team, by William Lincoln Balch. Cast: Dr. Henry Howard, Frank Howard, his son (male performer); Claude Chester, his ward, Vera Versatilia, vaudeville star, Maudie, a girl-actor (female performer). Time, 10 to 15 min. Every one of these sketches is a decided hit.

Theatrical Phrases and Their Meanings

This is something never published before. From this any amateur may get familiar with professional expressions, and by using them in talking or writing to a manager can appear to advantage. As one who is well up in "theater" talk may certainly have had some practical stage experience. We think you can and immediately what a great value these Theatrical Phrases are to the beginner. Worth the cost of the book.

All the above and more is included in The Vaudeville Prompter No. 4, which will be sent to any address for 50 cents

N. B. We have hundreds of letters of praise from those who have the previous numbers of THE VAUDEVILLE PROMPTER, and we appreciate them, and in getting up this No. 4 we have done our best to give you the best of the best of the American stage, and at the same time the greatest money's worth you ever got for the cost of paper, to double the size of previous numbers. Printed in the latest and most up-to-date style, with every line colored with appropriate design, and up in every way to make it of any kind on the market. While this book is double the size of any we have ever put out, and double the number of letters and words, and one of the best on the market, our price remains the same.



Vaudeville Prompter No. 5

The No. 5 number of the now famous Will Rossiter's Vaudeville Prompter stands "head and shoulders" above all our previous issues. No. 5 consists of 80 pages of the brightest, smartest, wittiest, cleanest vaudeville material ever put between two covers. Compare it with any other number, and you will readily see that our claim, "The greatest vaudeville publication for the least money" (50 cents), has not been made without good reasons, and here is a partial list of the reasons:

Editorials

How to Book Dates in Vaudeville is alone worth a hundred times the price of the volume, and can be found in no other publication. This article gives complete information on this momentous subject, including a list of all the different vaudeville circuits, the names and addresses

of the booking managers, the best time to write for work, and also specimen letters to guide you. Don't Be a Knocker is another great article, as is also Professional Jealousy—articles full of tips for amateur and "profesh."

Parodies on Popular Songs

Bedelia, Then I'd be Satisfied with Life, You're as Welcome as the Flowers in May, I've Got a Feeling for You, In Zanzibar, Always in the Way, Navajo, Three Women to Every Man, Eva (both Hebrew and straight), Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis, Tell Me That Beautiful Story, A Parody Medley, Oh, Didn't He Ramble, Why Don't You Go, Go, Go! Like a Star When It Falls From Heaven, Stay in Your Own Back-Yard, A Dutch parody on Bill Bailey, The Story of the Rose, I've a Longing in My Heart for You, Louise, Anona, Maiden with the Dreamy Eyes, Mandy, Mansion of Aching Hearts, O, Promise Me, Down on the Farm, etc. Every one of them is full of snap from start to finish.

Gags, Jokes, Comic Poetry, Etc.

Compiled under this heading are the latest and funniest bits in stories, gags, epitaphs, and comic poetry: just the thing for "encore stuff" or "cut-up" work in the parlor. What's the Use! A late bit of tramp verse by Harry L. Newton, is a gem. The Epitaphs are new, original, and very, very funny, and never fail to make good.

New Professional Recitations

A FINISH FIGHT, by Aaron Hoffman, and delivered with successful results the past season by Carroll Johnson, is nothing short of a patrons the first chance at it. THE KIND OF A FELLER I LIKE is a strong bit of character work, as is also the one entitled, PITCHIN' THE TUNE, which recalls old times, all of which, and more, can be found in the great No. 5.

Monologues?

Enough to last you three seasons. Not a bunch of old, worn-out "junk," but a bunch of the brightest monologue material and smartest talk ever written. LOVE IN NOVELS AND LOVE ON THE STAGE will make any audience howl with laughter. FIFTEEN MINUTES WITH A PLAYWRIGHT makes 'em yell. Written by Harry L. Newton and done by Mr. Wood, of the well-known vaudeville team of Wood & Ray. At the request of many patrons, and with the kind permission of Mr. Wood, we publish it in No. 5.

Encore Bits

The incessant demand from both professional and amateur buyers of the Prompter has led us to gather together several encore bits. They are all new, original, and positively sure-fire, as they have been tried out by prominent vaudeville performers. There are bits for all kinds of acts, both single and double, also dumb acts, and you need have no fear about not finding something that will suit.

Cross-Fire Conversations, Get-Backs, Etc.

Under this heading we offer our patrons the best talking acts ever put together. An act which can be done on any platform, or even in a parlor, is a valuable piece of merchandise to have and to hold in your possession. We publish two complete talking acts: One for two males, and the other for two females. It is hard to get good talking "stuff," as you know, but you will surely get it in Prompter No. 5.

Up-to-Date Minstrel Material

Good minstrel cross-fire, or get-backs, between end-man and interlocutor is another adjunct necessary in the show business, and very difficult to obtain, especially in printed form. Black-face artists: constantly pay big sums of money to authors for this kind of material. In No. 5 we have enough of this routine for an entire first part—good, new, bright, up-to-date cross-fire. The cost of this material was very great, but we had to have it for Prompter No. 5.

Comedy Sketches, Acts, Plays, Turns

ville acts. Perhaps you have been in the habit of paying 25 cents for printed acts—perhaps hundreds of dollars—and then have been dissatisfied, but we can safely promise you that there will be no cause for complaint in any of these ten. All can be easily produced, and do not require much talent or cumbersome props to insure their success. We respectfully ask that you kindly mention the author's name on program, also "Presented by permission of Will Rossiter," owner of copyright. A BOGUS DETECTIVE, sketch for comedian and lady, by Harry L. Newton. Cast: Lima Leigh, an actress; Coppe M. Awi, a burglar. Time, 15 min. THE YOUNG ATTORNEY, vaudeville act for male and female, by Jeff T. Branen. Cast: Jess Ketchum, a young lawyer; Florence Holden, his sweetheart. Good, brisk action, clean comedy, easily produced. Time, 14 min. HIS FIFTY KIDS, a vaudeville concoction, by Harry L. Newton. Cast: Fairly Well, a convivial husband; Mary, his wife. A screaming satire, illustrating what happened when a loving wife tried to buy her hubby's cigars and keep him home. Time, 15 min. A COGSIN FROM THE WEST, three-character sketch, by Jeff T. Branen. Cast: Ruthie Dubbles, a city girl; Tootsie Stubbles, her country cousin; Bubbles, a stupid man-servant. Time, 15 minutes. IMA'S VISIT, a comedy for two females, by Harry L. Newton. Originally produced by the Thurber Sisters, and published with their kind permission. Cast: Jane Juniper, an eccentric woman; Ima Cook, her niece from Melon Center. Time, 15 minutes. THE NEW COOK, a two-character sketch, by Harry L. Newton. Cast: Tom Astor, a stock broker; Mrs. Tom Astor, his wife. The lady changes to Irish Biddy. This act has been tried and proved. First produced at Roy Pastor's Theatre by Mr. and Mrs. Lee J. Keilam. Time, 20 min. THE HOTEL HALFBACK, a 30-minute afterpiece. Eight characters, but no more may be introduced. All action, plenty of funny situations, and chances to introduce specialties. WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME, by Harry L. Newton. Cast: Morethan Full, a sporty husband; Jane, his wife. Positively the king-pee of all drunken-quarrel acts. CHARLOTTE'S RUSE, a four-character comedy sketch, by Harry L. Newton. Cast: Pyle O. Coyne, a wealthy stock jobber; Charlotte Coyne, his daughter; Knott A. Cent, her sweetheart; John A. Wise, a servant. A 20-minute mix-up. AN OLD SEA DOG, comedy sketch for Irish comedian and soubrette, by Harry L. Newton. Cast: Admiral Clancey, an old salt; Daisy Callahan, whom he comes to wed. Full of action and fun. Of great value to all amateurs. A full list of common theatrical terms is given under this heading. Many a theatrical beginner has been ridiculed for ignorance of the commonest expressions in stagemod. You can get "wise" by just a little study of these phrases.

Theatrical Phrases

ance of the commonest expressions in stagemod. You can get "wise" by just a little study of these phrases.

All the above and more is included in The Vaudeville Prompter No. 5, which will be sent to any address for 50 cents

You have now read the list of contents, and have probably compared it with previous numbers of the Prompter. It is almost double the size of No. 4, is it not? And while it is double the size of any one or two other publications of stage material on the market, we have not increased the price one cent. It is still 50 cents on fine stock, from new type, cover in two colors. Sent to any address on receipt of the price

